Supernatural; Lucifer/Castiel or any demon/Castiel; Heaven's never far from sin / Hell will be your second skin / (Genitorturers, "Razor Cuts")

Lucifer/Castiel, R, darkfic/non-con, not pleasant at all. I liked the format, though, and it's an AU S5 wherein things ended v. poorly for the good guys.

Castiel is on his knees, but that is the only thing about him that is subservient.

He glares up at Lucifer, lips pressed into a thin line, wings drawn as close to his back as he can pull them.

"I will never bow to you," Castiel says. "I will never help you."

"Defiant," Lucifer notes, and his kiss is more like a bite than anything resembling affection.

Castiel is on his knees. His mouth is open, he is bleeding from numerous cuts, and his eyes are closed so that he may not show the pain, or the shame of what he is feeling - or doing.

Lucifer pushes his cock deeper into Castiel's mouth, hands combing through his hair, finally able to trust that Castiel will not dare to bite him, or try to take advantage of the situation.

He lets Castiel hide his eyes for now, and won't demand that he face his shame - not yet.

Not when Castiel's tongue is finally moving, and the wet drag of skin against skin is drawing his attention.

Castiel pretends that he isn't there, and that he isn't making the devil moan.

Castiel is on his knees, his head bowed, his wounds healed.

"Please," he grinds out, not wanting to ask, "the whip."

"Hm?" Lucifer fakes disinterest, glancing at Castiel.

"I don't want to feel," Castiel says quickly, studying the ground. "Please. Hurt me."

"I don't like it when my servants suffer for me without joy," Lucifer comments. "And you're no masochist."

It's true - Castiel has never liked the pain, not in the sense Lucifer prefers.

"Please," Castiel says again, for the shame in him is rising up again and anything is better than facing it.

Lucifer studies how Castiel's hands are fists on his thighs and relents. Just a little bit, just for now.

"Oh very well. The whip, then."

Castiel is on his knees. It's the safest position to be in, around Lucifer. He has no defiance left in him, no fight, not when there is shame rising up to consume him and pleasure fueling it.

He wants this to end, to let his existence terminate.

Lucifer will not grant him death.

He reaches and drags Castiel's head up by his hair, for once truly furious at Castiel and snarls at him.

"I will *never* let you go, do you understand? I will *not* be alone."

Castiel doesn't understand. He sees anger and the promise of pain and badly hidden loneliness in Lucifer's eyes.

"Make it stop," Castiel pleads, and Lucifer drops him, shaking his head.

"It never stops," he whispers.

Castiel is on his knees. It is where Lucifer wants him.

That's all.